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ESSAY

ON

PATRIOTISM, &c.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

ERRATA.

Page 2, line 1, for *always*, r. *often*, p. 44, l. 6, from the bottom, for *re-encounters*, r. *rencounters*. p. 45, l. 3, for *taugh*, r. *taught*. ibid l. 4, for *falsehood's*, r. *falsehoods*.

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ESSAY

ON

PATRIOTISM,

AND ON THE

CHARACTER AND CONDUCT

Of ſome late famous

PRETENDERS TO THAT VIRTUE,

Particularly of the preſent

POPULAR GENTLEMAN.

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ВЛКМ

ESSAY

ON

PATRIOTISM, &c.

OF all the various deceptions which the craft and policy of the few have impoſed on the ignorance and credulity of the many, none have ever proved ſo ſucceſsful as the impoſture of Patriotiſm. Not even the religious deception itſelf; for though, excepting chriſtianity alone, as ſet forth in the holy ſcriptures, we may ſafely and conſiſtently affirm, that all the different religions and revelations which have prevailed at all times in every nation in the world, have been the offspring of craft, and the children of credulity; yet I ſay this deception has not proved ſo ſtrong, ſo forcible, and ſo eaſy as the deception of Patriotiſm. For the religious impoſtor, at leaſt, before he became paramount, and had firmly eſta-

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bliſhed his deceit, has always been aided, aſſiſted, and abetted by the government or the ſupreme magiſtrate; nay, he has frequently been the ſupreme magiſtrate himſelf, for the truth of which I appeal to the annals of modern and antient Rome. Whereas the patriotic deceiver has invariably had all the force and power of the government of his country oppoſed againſt him. The religious juggler is obliged to preſerve great meaſure and caution; he muſt walk very circumſpectly, he muſt be what is called a great *ſelf-denyer*, and muſt abſolutely renounce all enjoyments how innocent ſoever, emphatically ſtiled the *the luſts of the eye, the world, and the fleſh*: beſides, he is frequently under the neceſſity to pretend, nay, he ſometines actually believes, that he is poſſeſſed of extraordinary faculties and privileges; that he is inſpired and illuminated from above, that he prophecies and ſees viſions, and finally, that he works wonders or miracles. But the Patriot has neither occaſion to be ſo wary, nor to take ſo much trouble to deceive; on the contrary, he may be the verieſt profligate on earth, confeſſedly addicted to every vice, utterly

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abandoned to every principle of honeſty and morality; he may run in debt to every one who will truſt him, without ſo much as intending to pay any one; he may forfeit the moſt ſacred truſts, convert to his own uſe, and ſquander away in riot and debauchery monies depoſited in his hands and conſigned to public and charitable purpoſes; he may even felonioufly burn and deſtroy before the face of his creditor the legal evidences of a juſt debt; he may be all this and much worſe; he may do all this and much more; yet he has only to ſet up for what is called a Patriot, to write, and to ſcribble, and to bawl out for Liberty and Independance, and all his profligacy and flagitiouſneſs will be looked over and forgotten, nay, even reckoned a virtue; while his everlaſting friends, the *mobility* of every age and condition will be ready to worſhip and adore him, to bear him up and ſupport him againſt all correction of the laws, how decent and expedient ſoever. It is not charity as heretofore, but Patriotiſm which now-a-days covers a *multitude of ſins*.

The religious adventurer is frequently deluded himſelf, and the dupe of his own enthuſiaſm; but his deluſions never extend their influence further than over the mere vulgar, whether in rank or underſtanding; for the wiſe and learned have at all times joined in laughing at the popular religion, excepting only among chriſtians, where a contrary practice has for good reaſons prevailed, chriſtianity being founded on truth and derived from a divine origin. But the Patriot is ſeldom if ever a ſelf-deceiver, he is always conſcious of his ſecret drift, whether it be the diſgrace or expulſion of his rival, or to ſhare with him in honours, places and power; and yet he frequently carries away with his lying pretences almoſt the whole nation, certainly many better and wiſer men than himſelf; in ſhort, he ſometimes deceives every body excepting himſelf and his adverſaries, who, like the beavers, know very well what they are hunted for, and in imitation, as is ſaid, of thoſe animals, generally throw at their purſuer the object of his purſuit, which always puts an end to the ſport at once.

The patriotic deluſion poſſeſſes another great advantage over the religious. When a piece of religious impoſture has been thoroughly detected in an enlightened age and nation, it is a long time before any thing of the ſame ſort acquires credit ſufficient to make an impreſſion even on the vulgar. The two moſt appoſite inſtances I recollect of this nature at preſent, are theFrench prophets among ourſelves, and the miracles of the Abbé Paris among the French. Since the detection of the one by the failure of Dr. Eames's reſurrection, and of the other, by the ſhutting up of the Abbé's tomb, no reſurrection has been foretold, nor miracles of any note wrought in either country. But it is quite otherwiſe with the profeſſors of Patriotiſm. As ſoon as one of thoſe impoſtors happens to be diſcovered and expoſed, and the people undeceived with reſpect to him, another ſtarts up in his room, another after him, and ſo on, in all whom the wretched and deluded people ſucceſſively believe, and that with a vehemence exactly in proportion to the greatneſs of their former diſappointments. In ſhort, our countrymen very nearly

nearly reſemble thoſe Alchymiſts, who having ſpent their lives in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone, and reduced themſelves to beggary by repeated diſappointments, yet die in the belief of its exiſtence at laſt.

I remember, when the late famous Earl of Bath threw off the maſk, and ſhewed himſelf in his true and genuine colours, his apoſtacy was greatly lamented by many perſons of ſenſe and virtue, on the following account. They ſaid, that from the flagrant treachery of this man, the very pretence to the love of our country would become ſtale, and be no more confided in by the people, ſo that when a real and concerted invaſion ſhould be attempted on our rights and liberties, thoſe who might be inclined to ſtand in the gap and defend them, would henceforth meet neither with credit, ſupport, nor aſſiſtance. In ſhort, they compared the nation to the flock of the fooliſh boy in the fable, who having often alarmed the neighbouring ſhepherds with falſe reports of the wolf's having come amongſt them, met at laſt with no credit when the wolf really came, who was ſuffered to de-

vour them in ſilence, and without oppoſition. I know not but I was of the ſame opinion myſelf, and indeed the reaſoning on which it is founded appears to be very plauſible. But manifold experience has now convinced us how imaginary thoſe apprehenſions were, and that there never will be a dearth either of Patriots or Patriotiſm among us. For, no ſooner was Pulteney defunct as a Patriot, nay, he was hardly cold in his patriotic grave, when another impoſtor ſtarted up more bold, more daring, more ſucceſsful, and who led the people a dance far more excentric than the former, though it muſt be confeſſed in all reſpects elſe a great and memorable perſon, and whoſe eminent ſervices to his country ought never to be forgotten. By this man it is well known, I can mean no other than the celebrated Orator, or as diſtinguiſhed by an apter appellation, the late great Commoner. At laſt, when by his innumerable tricks, tergiverſations and contradictions, his patriotiſm had become ſomewhat ſtale and greatly out at elbows, even in the eyes of the mobility itſelf; another Patriot ſprung forth, as it were like the

Phœnix

Phœnix out of his aſhes; but an impoſtor infinitely more barefaced and abandoned than either of the former. In ſhort, a Patriot of ſuch a character, that if we affix any determinate meaning at all to the word, that man who can ſeriouſly believe him to have any ſpice of Patriotiſm in his compoſition, muſt have a faith to remove mountains, a ſtomach like the Oſtrich to digeſt iron. The truth is, from our preſent choice, it would appear that the exiſtence of what is called a Patriot, is as neceſſary to the good people of England, as their queen to a hive of bees. The throne of patriotiſm was it ſeems then vacant, and there was no other willing to ſtep into it but the preſent poſſeſſor; but how long our preſent moſt gracious patriotic Sovereign may continue to reign over us is hard to ſay, as well as who will be the next impoſtor to ſucceed him, when he comes to be forgotten and exploded, which, with a little management, I ſhall ſhew hereafter, might ſoon be the caſe.

There is another very material difference in the character of the impoſtors in religion and patriotiſm.

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The firſt almoſt conſtantly preſerves the ſame mask he originally put on when he began his miniſtry; or if he makes any change, it is by ſlow and imperceptible degrees, according to the ſeveral ſteps and gradations of preferment in his church. In my little reading, I remember only three inſtances of religious impoſtors having thrown off all at once, and without ſcruple, the ſeveral diſguiſes they had hitherto worn. The firſt is Mahomet the prophet of the Turks. This excellent juggler, was only a ſimple preacher for the firſt ten years of his miſſion, during which time he replied to all the taunts and ſleers of his adverſaries with the utmoſt humility, patience and reſignation; but he no ſooner got an armed force at his beck, than he altered his tone and taught his diſciples, inſtead of diſputing, to fight for the *faith that was in them*, till, as Hudibras ſays,

He prov'd his doctrine orthodox.
By apoſtolic blows and knocks.

The next inſtance is Montalto, afterwards Sixtus V. Having counterfeited

extreme weakneſs, old age, ignorance, and ſimplicity for above twenty years, he was at laſt recommended by thoſe admirable accompliſhments to the papal crown. His election was ſcarce over when he threw aſide the crutch that had ſo long ſupported him, grew a foot taller, and ſhewed his aſtoniſhed electors he was from that moment their maſter. The third inſtance is a cardinal, originally bred a fiſherman, who, during the progreſs of his gradual preferment in the church, had his net conſtantly ſpread over his table, an emblem of his humility, and to remind him of his former ſtation. Having at laſt reached the height of his ambition, the Red Hat, he laid aſide the net, ſaying, he had no further occaſion for it, having caught the fiſh. But rare as this behaviour may be in falſe churchmen, it is the conſtant and invariable conduct of falſe Patriots, and was particularly remarkable in Pulteney's gang. No ſooner had they caught the fiſhes they had been ſo long angling for, than, like the honeſt Cardinal, they threw by their nets, that is their maſk of Patriotiſm, and after haranguing for above twenty

ſeſſions, with all the eloquence they could muſter up, againſt ſtanding armies, ſeptennial parliaments, votes of credit, placemen and penſioners in parliament, &c. &c. became equally ſtrenuous advocates for them, without the ſmalleſt ſhame or compunction, making uſe of thoſe very arguments they had ſo often attempted to ridicule and expoſe. Nor have there been wanting inſtances of a conduct equally ſhameful and flagrant ſince that time. We all remember how the ſecond great juggler, now I believe fairly defunct in his Patriotic capacity, declaimed againſt the German war; how tranſported to a degree of enthuſiaſm he declared he would not conſent to the ſending half a man to that country; yet ſoon after, without any change in circumſtances, he himſelf ſent ſo many men thither, that at laſt he conquered America in Germany. And continuing ſtill very dextrous at conquering one country in another, he is much belied if he has not lately taken ſome very effectual ſteps to conquer Great Britain itſelf in America.

Thus far have I carried on the parallel between the different impoſ-

tors, who practiſe under the mask of religion and patriotiſm. But I ſhould be ſorry it ſhould be inferred from any thing here ſaid, that I deny or am even ſceptical about the real exiſtence or operations of either. On the contrary, I profeſs a firm belief in a God and a future ſtate, as ſet forth to us in the Holy Scriptures. But then the religion revealed and recommended to us in thoſe ſcriptures, is very ſimple, ſilent, and even if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, reſerved. In its pure and unmixt ſtate, it never makes the ſmalleſt noiſe or buſtle in the world; whenever it begins to do ſo from that moment, its corruption commences; but when it goes the length to raiſe civil wars and diſturbances among men, it is then paſt a doubt, that it muſt be thoroughly tainted, and that all its profeſſors are either deſigning impoſtors or miſled fanaticks.

True Patriotiſm in the times of public peace and tranquillity, is of a character preciſely the ſame with true religion. At ſuch times the only Patriotiſm that deſerves the name, conſiſts in a ſober and ſteady obedience to the laws, and obſervance of the con-

conſtitution; in mild and moderate endeavours to rectify whatever diſorders and corruptions may have crept into either through human frailty, and the neceſſity of things; in a firm ſupport without reſpect to names and parties, or private connections of whatever adminiſtration may happen to be then eſtabliſhed in points wherein they are right; in as firm though a calm oppoſition to them, in matters wherein they may be wrong; but above all, it conſiſts in providing for the contingencies of war during the times of peace, in encreaſing the revenue without burthening trade, in diſcharging the public debts, and in promoting arts, ſcience, agriculture, manufactures and population throughout the kingdom.

Indeed, it is only in times of public and national diſtreſs, from whatever cauſes it may happen, that real Patriotiſm becomes buſtling and active, and makes a noiſe in the world. At the commencement of the late war with a moſt powerful and inveterate enemy, when baffled in every quarter of the globe, we ſaw nothing before our eyes, but a repetition of defeats, a continuation of diſgrace, from the weakneſs, puſillanimity

mity and ignorance of an adminiſtration, who, conſcious of their unworthineſs, had, to ſave themſelves, thrown out a ſcape-goat to the incenſed people, and embrued their hands in the blood of an unfortunate and in compariſon of them innocent man; it was then at a moſt critical period, that the late great Commoner ſtept forth, and took the reins of government into his hands. Diffuſing his own daring magnanimous and enterpriſing ſpirit thro' every movement of that immenſe machine the Britiſh empire, he wrought a ſudden and almoſt miraculous change in the face of affairs. Henceforth, we were ſucceſsful in every expedition, and victorious in every engagement, whether by land or ſea. He proceeded for years in this glorious and unequalled career, adding victory to victory, and conqueſt to conqueſt. At laſt, he ſtopt and retired of a ſudden, and even unexpectedly. Conſiſtent with his daring enterprize and unbounded views he had propoſed a meaſure, which the event of things has ſince ſhewn would have been, even at that time, right and expedient, and which, in common juſtice to him, we muſt ſuppoſe he knew to

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be ſo. He was, however, over-ruled, upon which he threw up with haughtineſs and diſdain, declaring *he would not be reſponſible for meaſures he was no longer allowed to guide.*

This ſtep can in truth be neither wholly condemned nor approved. In his aſſumed character of Patriotiſm, he is wholly to be blamed for it; as a mere ſtateſman and politician greatly applauded. Had his only paſſion been the love and ſervice of his country, he would have overlooked the timidity and irreſolution of his colleagues in the council, and their deficiency in thoſe great qualities, which I believe no Engliſh miniſter ever poſſeſſed in ſo eminent a degree as himſelf; he would have continued in office, and then in all probability the war againſt Spain, the difference they ſplit upon, would have been declared in a few weeks, a delay of ſmall importance, ſeeing that it was actually entered into three months afterwards, by the miniſtry of their own accord, without the impulſe of his daring ſpirit to animate and drive them on. In which caſe he would undoubtedly have had the entire management of both wars, and would have been

been entruſted beſides with the ſole negociation for the enſuing peace.

But this was the very point he wanted to avoid, and together with ſome little mixture of pride and ambition, was moſt probably the real cauſe of that famous reſignation. And here I ſpeak of him as a politician. He knew the temper and diſpoſition of the people he had governed, ſo turbulent and unruly, that none but a miniſter like himſelf can pleaſe them, and only in time of war. He knew that he could make no peace which would prove entirely ſatisfactory, unleſs he had retained all our conqueſts which he might foreſee would be impracticable. Had he continued in the management of affairs, let us, after conſulting his negociations with Mr. Buſſy, form a judgment of what he would have done, by what he had done. Therefore, like a true politician, he took the firſt opportunity to ſlip his neck out of the collar, and leave that important buſineſs in the hands of people leſs able, though perhaps as honeſt as himſelf. Is this the conduct of a real Patriot?

It has been aſſerted by the advocates of this great man, and particularly by his ſucceſſor in Patriotiſm, that the nation

tion is indebted to him for all our glorious ſucceſſes and conqueſts after his reſignation. But why did he not likewiſe place to his account the inadequate, or as he was pleaſed to term it, infamous and inglorious peace which enſued? The anſwer is, it would not have ſuited the factious purpoſes of his impoſture. It happens, however, that there is only a ſtrong preſumption or probability for the one, while there is convincing, nay, ocular demonſtration for the other. It muſt indeed be owned, that this magnanimous ſtateſman had amaſſed together ſo great a ſtrength by ſea and land, and had infuſed ſuch a ſpirit and confidence both in our fleets and armies, that the greateſt difficulty would have been to reſtrain them, and a ſucceeding miniſtry had nothing more to do, but bid them go on and conquer. In the affairs of men, as well as of nature, the impulſe continues to produce effects after the impelling force has ceaſed to act: the tide continues to riſe and flow long after the moon has paſſed her meridian.

But if the ſucceeding miniſtry followed his plan in the proſecution of the war, they alſo trod in the path he

had chalked out for them in the ſettlement of the peace; and if he is entitled to the merit of the one, whatever demerit there may be in the other, muſt ſurely be imputed to him likewiſe. If they allowed the French a ſhare in the Newfoundland fiſhery, Mr. P--t had ſhewn them the example; if they ſuffered the French to keep one of the neutral iſlands, Mr. P--t had agreed to give them two; if they reſtored the greateſt part of the Weſt Indian iſlands, he had conſented to yield up the whole, and that without any equivalent, whereas they ſtipulated ſomething, at leaſt, in lieu of the Havanna, I mean the two Floridas. The great uſe to the Spaniards of the Havanna, is to be a rendezvous for their plate fleets on their return to Europe; but the poſſeſſors of Penſacola, if maſters at ſea, can at any time prevent thoſe fleets from getting thither; ſo that even this acquiſition, however lightly thought of hitherto, will be of the utmoſt conſequence to us during a future Spaniſh war, by rendering the Havanna itſelf of no conſequence to our enemies; and this I am entitled to ſay from my perſonal knowledge of thoſe ſeas, and

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the winds and currents that prevail in them. But I am not writing in defence of the late peace; it is not my ſubject, and perhaps at bottom I entertain no very high opinion of it; only I make bold to affirm, that it is not the ſpirit of real Patriotiſm, which can never be inconſiſtent with truth and juſtice, but the moſt abandoned and barefaced faction, which induces a man violently to condemn the ſame thing in one perſon, which he extravagantly applauds in another; I mean the articles of peace agreed to by Mr. P--t, and finally concluded on by Lord B——te.

Though from many inſtances of duplicity of conduct in the late great commoner before his reſignation, it might eaſily be ſeen that his boaſted Patriotiſm was not altogether of the pure and untainted kind; it is by his behaviour ſince, that the charge of impoſture has been finally and perhaps irrevocably fixed upon him by his former allies and admirers, and particularly by his ſucceſſor, the preſent reigning impoſtor, in his letter to the Duke of Grafton. I chooſe to ſay no more on this ſubject; he is a great man

to whoſe ſpirit, reſolution, and enterprize, his country has been infinitely obliged; and impoſtor as he may be, when her neceſſities require it, may ſhe never want ſuch another to take charge of her affairs.

After all, it is a queſtion whether ſuch a thing as pure unmixed Patriotiſm exiſts in any human breaſt, unleſs it may be in that of a philoſophical ſpeculative man retired in his own cloſet. Even then, it is like the ſceptical ſyſtem of Barclay, which denies the exiſtence of matter, and maintains there is nothing in nature but ſpirit and idea. I defy any man to diſprove this paradox by any reaſoning whatſoever; the more he reaſons the more he will be perplexed. But let him come abroad into the world, and the hurry of action, buſineſs, and affairs, will ſoon baniſh all thoughts of it, without leaving any traces behind. In the ſame manner, when the ſpeculative Patriot engages among mankind, what he ſees in others and feels within himſelf, will ſoon convince him of the chimerical nature of his refined notions. How then can we imagine that ſuch a virtue can be the great and ruling principle in the

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breaſt of a man who has been all his lifetime hackneyed in ſenates and courts, far leſs of another, by his own account, *an idle man of pleaſure**, who has probably ſpent his time in much worſe company, in taverns and brothels, among rakes and drunkards, bawds and proſtitutes?

But at any rate, God forbid I ſhould ever compare the great man I have been juſt ſpeaking of, either with his immediate predeceſſor, or ſtill more contemptible ſucceſſor, in that hackneyed, though never to be worn out, impoſture of Patriotiſm. His motives were a noble pride and ambition, and his actions were ſuitable to them. Their motives were little perſonal piques and reſentments, and a low pitiful diſappointed ambition. And their conduct, eſpecially that of the latter, has been what might be expected from ſuch principles.

About the year 1730 or 31, animoſities had riſen to ſuch a height between the two parties, the courtiers

* See a letter to Lord T——e, giving an account of a moſt tremenduous duel fought by moon-light with piſtols, and at a very convenient diſtance.

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in actual poſſeſſion of places, and the Patriots who wanted to turn them out and make room for themſelves; that duels, though not by moonlight, were fought among their chiefs, and the late king himſelf took ſo far a part in the diſpute as to cauſe Mr. Pulteney's name to be ſtruck out of the council book and all the commiſſions of peace, wherein it had been inſerted. During the courſe of this altercation each party publiſhed all the ſcandalous anecdotes and pieces of ſecret hiſtory which they thought would expoſe or blacken the characters of their adverſaries. I remember to have heard them, and alſo to have been highly diverted with them, at the time, and that both ſides were nearly alike ſucceſsful in their laudable endeavours of beſpattering and throwing dirt in one another's faces. The particulars, it is ſo long ago, have now eſcaped my memory, and though they may be extant in the party pamphlets of that age, yet they would not be worth the trouble of the ſearch.

I can only ſay, that I concluded even then, and I am ſure what I have ſince obſerved, is not calculated to make me alter my opinion, that as their original

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agreement aroſe from an iniquitous compact, to ſhare between them the ſpoils of the nation, entered into when they pretended to be Patriots; (for even Sir Robert Walpole had been twice in his lifetime a Patriot, ay, and a flaming one too, and as well as Mr. Wilkes, expelled the houſe and committed to the tower,) ſo their preſent oppoſition was occaſioned by one courtier, (for they had commenced courtiers together) having jockied and unhorſed his partner, upon which, as is always the cuſtom in ſuch caſes, he had commenced an outragious Patriot. Hence I was not in the leaſt ſurpriſed, when, after *acting* for many years in that *character*, he got what he ſought for, an empty title, that he ſat quietly down with it, ſunk into utter oblivion, and was never more heard of in that capacity.

It is not my buſineſs here to enquire whether the oppoſition to Sir Robert Walpole was well or ill founded. It is certain, that miniſter was puſillanimous in his tranſactions with foreign powers, and a little ſeaſonable vigour would have prevented the bloody, ruinous and diſgraceful war wherein he left

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the nation involved. But it is equally certain, the oppoſition againſt him was carried on in a quite different manner from that ſet on foot by Mr. Wilkes, as indeed the characters of the principal *actors* were altogether different. Mr. Pulteney, excepting his pretended Patriotiſm was in every thing the reverſe of our preſent impoſtor; independent in his fortune, prudent in the management of it, decent in private life, of great abilities, profound learning, manly eloquence, attick wit and refined humour. The committee at the King's Arms know beſt whether all or any of theſe qualities are applicable to their hero. It is however certain, that Mr. Pulteney never ſolicited or received beggarly ſubſcriptions for a paltry book not yet publiſhed; and that no banker's ſhops were ever opened to receive donations for the ſatisfaction of debts he had contracted through riot, extravagance and debauchery. Neither during the whole *repreſentation* of his Patriotiſm, did the moſt impudent beggar that ever was, reproach a whole nation for being beggars. The Scotch may be beggars in general for ought I know, but in two articles they have had greatly the ad-

advantage over their opulent neighbours, if I may ſpeak it without high treaſon againſt the majeſty of our preſent Patriot, who by the bye happens to be a beggar himſelf. It is this, though the Scotch have produced Patriots, and thoſe as diſtinguiſhed *, nay, one of them to the full as popular throughout the whole Britiſh empire, as ever Mr. Pitt himſelf was in the height of his glory; yet none have ever turned out beggars, or were detected as impoſtors; whereas we have been very unlucky in our Engliſh Patriots, who have generally proved to be the latter, whilſt the moſt renowned of them all is at preſent both the one and the other, and is ſo admirable an actor in each, that it is hard to ſay in which he moſt excels. He ſeems indeed to bear ſome diſtant reſemblance to the Scotch Highlanders, who are all, it is ſaid, either gentlemen, beggars, or thieves, and ſometimes all three together.

But to return, Mr. Pultney was not more different in his character from

† John late duke of Argyle, and John, late Earl of Stair, who died as they lived, loved and lamented by all.

the preſent impoſtor than in his conduct. Indeed, it muſt be confeſſed that he acted his part, and carried on the farce in ſo maſterly a manner all along. I remember it well, that till the *denouement* or *cataſtrophe*, till he ſpoke the epilogue and bade farewell to the audience, by taking a ſeat in the houſe of Lords, it was impoſſible for an unintereſted ſpectator not to be carried away by the deception, and to miſtake mere repreſentation for real life. Whereas our preſent Patriot lies ſo open in his impoſture, and has afforded ſo many palpable hits, that the man who has been deceived by him merits no excuſe, he muſt either have reſolved on being deceived, or be as ſimple and credulous, as *that egregious dupe*, *that fond believing fool* the AUDITOR, who miſtook and actually printed *Viator*'s letter on the *Florida Peat* as a ſerious buſineſs*.

I ſhall here give a ſketch of the moſt remarkable features in Mr. Pulteney's conduct. In all the papers and pamphlets he wrote or patronized, decency was obſerved to the ſovereign, and no abuſe

* See North Briton, No. 35, and 31.

thrown

thrown out on his family. Both he and Lord Bolingbroke employed all the charms of their eloquence to bury in oblivion, the very names of Whig and Tory; they ſhewed to the conviction of all men, that no ſuch parties really exiſted; and it was the miniſtry who for factious purpoſes uſed every art to keep thoſe diſtinctions alive. I ſhall only obſerve farther, that perhaps in all the Crafteſman there is not one reflection which can juſtly be called national.

Let us now conſider Mr. Wilkes in the ſame view, and we ſhall find that though the motives for his Patriotiſm were alike, yet, that his conduct, in the *repreſentation* of it, took its tincture entirely from his character, principles, and circumſtances. He had an aſpiration after the government of Canada, in order, as he tells us, "to ſhew the French the advantages of the mild government of laws over lawleſs power and deſpotiſm, and to reconcile his Majeſty's new ſubjects to the Engliſh government."‡ Glorious purpoſes indeed! But how well he is calculated to be a reconciler, let the animoſities and jea-

‡ See his anſwer to ſome queries in the news-papers.

louſies he has wantonly raiſed between his Majeſty's old ſubjects in Great Britain itſelf bear a teſtimony. Thoſe who think ſo favourably of him, that he would have ſcrupled at doing the ſame in Canada, had it ſuited any factious purpoſe in view, muſt know little of human nature, as it is depraved in this man. While his thoughts were employed on this government, with what view may be eaſily conjectured, he wanted to ſee Lord Bute, then Secretary of State; as he was Colonel of the Militia. He waited full two hours, but the Secretary not coming as expected, the Colonel departed in diſguſt, and, as is uſual in ſuch caſes, a flaming Patriot. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Now if Lord Bute declined ſeeing this man, becauſe he was ſaid to be a profligate, it was a weakneſs unworthy of a ſtateſman; for if none but men of ſtrict virtue, were to be employed in the ſervice of government, the Court Kalendar would be reduced in a moment to the ſize of a child's primmer; if he refuſed having any connection with him, becauſe he ſuſpected him to be as factious and turbulent as he was profligate, I admire his

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penetration as a man, though perhaps not his conduct as a politician.

Be this, however, as it may, our Militia Colonel, having now entered the ſtage as a Patriot, one of the firſt ſteps he took, was to revive all the odious and ridiculous diſtinctions of party, aboliſhed by our Sovereign, and which had lain dormant for many years, and that with greater malignity, ſcurrility and abuſe, than ever had been practiſed during the moſt violent party feuds in the reign of Queen Anne.

In the next place, not to ſpeak here of the perſonal attack he made on his Sovereign, for which he has been long under proſecution; he ſpread through the nation by the vileſt innuendoes, not to be miſunderſtood by the loweſt of the vulgar, indeed, of a nature exactly fitted to the pitch of their underſtandings, the moſt malicious, falſe and ſcandalous aſperſions on the honour and character of a perſon, who, next to his Royal Conſort, ought, and is known to be neareſt and deareſt to our Sovereign; aſperſions of ſuch a nature that they never can or ought to be forgiven by a gentleman and a man of honour; for as ſuch, I hope, we all with our monarch to

demean

demean himſelf, and I ſpeak of him here in no other capacity; aſperſions ſo much the more provoking, that they cannot be with decency hinted at, far leſs come under the cognizance of the laws, eſpecially in this country, governed as I hope it always will be, by the ſtrict and literal interpretation of thoſe laws. But atrocious as this may be, ſuitable to the rancour and malignity of the heart that framed it, it could be attended with no conſequences, and was at worſt like the ſcandal and tittle-tattle of idle dram-drinking goſſips at a tea-table or chriſtening, and as ſuch muſt be deſpiſed and forgotten.

He did not, however, ſtop here. To ſatiate a pitiful revenge, and gratify the faction and turbulence of his diſpoſition, he ſet other principles abroach and revived obſolete prejudices, which in different times and circumſtances might have been attended with conſequences infinitely worſe, ſtabbings, murders, aſſaſſinations, and even civil wars, which I doubt not he would have rejoiced to behold. Ignorant and uninformed, or which is more agreeable to his character of an impoſtor, pretending ignorance or ſhutting his eyes againſt all information of

of the true hiſtory and conſtitution of his country, he well knew that the vulgar in England, both great and ſmall, which in this as well as other nations, conſtitutes a majority of ninety-nine in a hundred, entertained a particular animoſity againſt their kings of the abdicated family, thinking them to have been deſtroyers of their rights and encroachers on their liberties; whereas the the real matter of fact is, that to theſe Princes, I do not ſay to their love of liberty or their people, but to their weakneſs or lenity, the Engliſh are indebted not only for the abolition of the old and oppreſſive prerogatives of the crown, the Star Chamber, High Commiſſion Court, Martial Law, &c. &c. but for the revival and re-eſtabliſhment of their antient privileges, moſt of them then obſolete, and for the acquiſition of many new ones, particularly the *Habeas Corpus*; ſo that, if the race of Stuarts, do not poſſeſs a poſitive merit towards the nation, they may at leaſt be allowed a negative one; and if they are not entitled to our applauſe and adoration, they ought to be kept ſacred from obloquy and abuſe. This was a truth never unknown to men well verſed in

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our laws and antiquities; but it has lately been made ſo notorious and evident by a moſt excellent hiſtory now in every body's hands, that the impoſtor muſt either be more ignorant, or more prejudiced than even I am willing to believe him, if he is not in his heart convinced of it. At the ſame time he was ſenſible that the Engliſh mob, above moſt other mobs in the world, hate and deſpiſe all foreigners as enemies, and that they are ſtrongly diſpoſed to look upon their fellow-ſubjects the natives of Ireland and Scotland in the ſame light.

With ſuch principles on his ſide, and ſuch diſpoſitions to work upon in the other, it happened a little unluckily that Lord Bute, then miniſter and ſuppoſed to be a favourite, was both a Scotchman by deſcent, and a Stewart by name, pronounced, though not ſpelt in the ſame manner, as that of the late Royal Family. Now, though this miniſter's anceſtors by the father's ſide were never ſuſpected of diſaffection, though he was deſcended by the mother's from a family the moſt diſtinguiſhed of any in Britain for their attachment to revolution principles and the houſe of Hanover, manifeſted as well by their ſervices as ſufferings, a

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father and ſon having ſucceſſivelv expired on the ſcaffold during the reigns of the Stuarts, though he was educated under the care of his uncle John late duke of Argyle, who in perſon quelled the firſt rebellion, and who lived and died the idol of the nation, and the moſt popular man in the three kingdoms†. I ſay, notwithſtanding all this, a bare coincidence of the name, and a trumpt up relationſhip of four hundred years ſtanding, with the old family, were ſufficient arguments to the North Briton, to accuſe this miniſter of Jacobitiſm and treachery to his Royal Maſter, at the very time that he was abuſing him for being his favourite: nay, what is more, the whole Scotch nation was included in the charge, and both charges were as uſual implicitly ſwallowed by the gaping multitude. However ridiculous, even impoſſible, the ſucceſs of ſuch fictions may appear to a man of plain common ſenſe, yet, it is not in the leaſt wonderful to a philoſopher acquainted

† It was chiefly owing to this nobleman's influence and popularity, that the oppoſition obtained a majority in the Houſe of Commons againſt Sir Robert Walpole. After the ſcandalous defection and apoſtacy of its chiefs, he gave the laſt proof of his own ſincerity; *he died of a broken heart.*

with the hiſtory of mankind; he knows there is nothing ſo abſurd and inconſiſtent, but what Prieſts and pretended Patriots have had the effrontery to advance, and the people credulity to believe.

But had the impoſtor ſatisfied himſelf with an attack on the miniſter alone, however ridiculous, abſurd and ill-founded that might have been, it would not, I believe, have greatly ſtirred the indignation of many, even of a rank and underſtanding ſuperior to the vulgar. For there is a natural envy and malignity attending the fortune of a prime miniſter and favourite, eſpecially in times of public peace and tranquillity, which has a place in the minds of men otherwiſe neither bad nor vicious. It is to this principle, though never attended to by the vulgar, that anti-miniſterial writers are oftener indebted for their ſucceſs than their ſuperior wit and humour, or ſtrength of reaſoning and argument. This was remarkably the caſe with the famous *North Briton*, which had nothing elſe in the world to recommend it, unleſs playing on the names of families and nations be reckoned wit, and ſcurrility argument. We are

pleaſed

pleaſed to ſee a great man, if I may uſe ſo vulgar an expreſſion, *well roaſted*, and if it be done with any ſhew of ſprightlineſs, we ſeldom enquire into the juſtneſs of it; it makes us ſport, and in ſome meaſure gratifies our pride. We are pleaſed juſt in the ſame manner, as a great many, far from being of a cruel and ſanguinary temper, take delight in ſeeing a bull or a bear tied to a ſtake with a ring in his noſe, and baited by the dogs.

As I ſaid already, had this impoſtor proceeded no farther, all he had done might have been forgiven, as it would ſoon have been forgotten, having neither eloquence nor wit to preſerve it from oblivion. But not ſatisfied with ſetting up a harmleſs name as an object of reproach and obloquy, he reviled the miniſter on account of his country, and in turn, the innocent natives of that country on account of the miniſter. Taking advantage of the well-known diſpoſition of the common people in this kingdom, he employed every topick his factious ſpirit could ſuggeſt, to inflame and ſtir them up againſt their brethren, inhabitants of the ſame iſland, ſeparated by the ſea from all the reſt of the world,

and ſeparated from them only by a ſmall river in one place and an imaginary line in another, who have been from the creation intended by God and Nature for one people, and who have been at laſt happily made ſo by the moſt ſolemn and ſacred leagues of union. But it is needleſs to inſiſt on ſuch general arguments; the Engliſh and Scots, if the inhabitants of this iſland are ſtill to be diſtinguiſhed by thoſe names, are to all intents and purpoſes one and the ſame people, for, as muſt be evident to every accurate obſerver, the collective body of one people, differs leſs from the collective body of the other in cuſtoms, manners, and language, than one county of England, in the north for inſtance, differs from another in the Weſt.

There are always between nations, frequently between neighbouring villages, ſome terms of ridicule with which the vulgar on both ſides have agreed mutually to reproach and abuſe one another. What are the topicks a Scotch mob would inſult an Engliſhman with I cannot ſay, but believe love of plumb pudding one of them. On the other hand, eating oat-meal, ſcratching for the

itch, louſineſs and beggary, are what an Engliſh porter would very readily apply to a Scotch nobleman of the moſt independant fortune. Even this hackneyed and vulgar abuſe, which one would expect to hear only in gin-ſhops and alehouſes, were for years the ſtanding topick of wit and raillery in a political paper, profeſſing to handle the moſt important concerns of the ſtate; and the Scotch had the good fortune to hear themſelves reproached every day for *beggary*, by a drunken poet who died in a goal, a drunken parſon, the impoſtor's chaplain as he calls him, who was indebted for a precarious ſubſiſtence to the ſale of ſome crude incoherent rhymes nick-named poetry; and laſtly, by the impoſtor himſelf, who is at this moment *begging* in publick news-papers, diſperſed all over the world.

Had this been all, it might have been forgiven, as it could not well have been attended with any ſerious conſequences. He went farther; every vice and bad quality, which could render the Scotch people, the object of hatred and abhorrence to the human race itſelf, and to Engliſhmen in particular was imputed and boldly charged to them. In ſhort,

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the very name of *Scot*, was made a term ſynonimous to every thing that was odious and contemptible, and to imply every thing that was raſcally and diſhonourable in character, excepting only that of *coward*. Why this imputation among innumerable others equally falſe and ridiculous was always carefully avoided, I can only ſee one good reaſon; and that was the impoſtor's regard for his own perſonal ſafety. He knew that this charge was the only one he could make which might be directly and in point confuted, by ſending him a challenge. Amidſt all his folly, he was wiſe enough not to give every Scotchman who bore the appearance of a gentleman, ſo very fair a pretence, which he ſuſpected many would gladly lay hold on, to call him out, and if he refuſed a meeting, to uſe him according to the rules eſtabliſhed among men of honour.

Beſides, this man, impoſtor in his pretenſions to courage *, as well as to Patriotiſm, was not then in ſuch a ſituation as to be induced by deſpair to

* See his letter to Lord Temple. A letter which no man could have written unleſs intoxicated with wine or vanity, perhaps both.

fight

fight a real duel, as he afterwards did with Mr. Martin†; and he might be afraid that a *beggarly Scot* would not indulge him with a ſham duel, like the famous one on Bagſhot Heath, fought by moonlight, and with piſtols charged for ought he knew with powder only.

Two wicked and unnatural rebellions have broke out in Scotland ſince the acceſſion of the preſent Royal Family; and though a philoſophical ſpirit might be apt to find ſome excuſe for the Highlanders, a barbarous people utterly ignorant of thoſe refined principles, which juſtify and rendered a revolution neceſſary, and who of courſe could be influenced only by a principle of what they thought loyalty, which a little prudent management and time itſelf without it, muſt at laſt turn from the old to the preſent family, yet it is obvious, that ſuch reflections could have no weight, or even enter into the heads of the bulk of a people any where. Not-

† Deſpair is the motive aſſigned for his taking this ſtep by one of his friends. "Now grown perfectly indifferent what he did, or whether he lived or died, grown deſperate by misfortunes, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Martin." Hiſt. of the Minority, p. 234.

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withſtanding this, ſo little diſpoſed are the Engliſh of themſelves to charge their neighbours with rebellion and diſaffection, that when both thoſe rebellions were raging in the heart of the kingdom, and I remember both very well, (perhaps the firſt better than the laſt, as the impreſſions made in early youth are often ſtronger and more forcible in a perſon of my great age than thoſe made at a more advanced term of life) not one Scotchman who minded his buſineſs and kept his mind, whatever it was, to himſelf, was ever upbraided with the principles and miſdeeds of his countrymen in arms: on the contrary, Engliſh and Scotch, in whatever civil or military office, were equally entruſted, and equally active in the ſuppreſſion of both. From what could this proceed? From what? but luckily, that in thoſe times there was no Wilkes, no ſcribbling ſeditious incendiary to put ſuch a notion into the heads of the Engliſh. Had there been any ſuch, how dreadful even fatal might the conſequences have proved!

How much then muſt we be ſurpriſed, after the laſt rebellion had been quelled near twenty years, after the remains of the rebels themſelves, their relations and de-

deſcendants, had atoned as far as lay in their power for their paſt offences, by ſhewing the moſt unexampled bravery in the field of battle againſt the common enemy the French; I ſay, how muſt we be ſurpriſed to find that thoſe rebellions were remembered againſt them, and rebellious principles imputed to all their countrymen without diſtinction? This muſt ſurely move the indignation of every ſenſible man, but what follows his laughter. In thoſe papers, the North Briton I mean, whether written by the impoſtor himſelf, or continued on the ſame plan by his ſucceſſors, the natives of the northern part of our iſland were for a courſe of years repreſented at one time as engroſſing all places of power and profit, and ſo ſlaviſhly devoted to ſelfiſhneſs and their own intereſts, as to ſacrifice everything thereto; and at another time ſo infatuated by their attachment to the Stuart family, and a forgotten pretender, as to ſacrifice every principle of gratitude and duty, and even their own intereſt to that. Surely, both charges could not be true at the ſame time, and of the ſame people; and yet, what is wonderful, if we can wonder at any thing, both charges were equally, and

implicitly believed by the populace in the ſouthern part of our iſland, as they were alternately advanced.

I can feel for any man or ſet of men labouring under the perſecution of popular and unreaſonable clamour; but while it excites ridicule only in the reſt of mankind, perhaps, nothing could move the indignation of the Scotch ſo much, as to hear themſelves vilified and abuſed for years together, on account of a man in whoſe fortunes they were by no means concerned, and who, beſides, never was nor is even now popular amongſt them; being, it is ſaid, though a perſon of acknowledged virtue and goodneſs, deficient in the qualifications adapted to render him agreeable to large bodies of men, whether of his own level, or thoſe beneath him.

On the whole, ſuch malicious aſperſions, ſuch inflammatory accuſations againſt the *poor, mean, deſpis'd, inſulted Scots*, as they are called by the drunken chaplain, were repeatedly publiſhed and induſtriouſly propagated by this infamous impoſtor and his aſſociates, that it is great wonder they were not attended by the moſt dreadful conſequences; that the mob in this metropolis when at the

height

height of their frenzy, did not behave as the Iſraelites did to one of their tribes, whom they diſcovered by the Shibboleth; that they did not murder and tear to pieces every man whom they ſuſpected from his name, his appearance, or accent, to be a native of Scotland. I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed if, at one time, a general maſſacre of the Scots had begun here in London, and had thence ſpread all over England, like the maſſacre of the Proteſtants in Ireland, and of the Hugonots in France. That ſuch were the intentions of this bloody-minded deceiver, that he would have rejoiced to ſee it, and gloried in having been the inſtrument of it, is but too manifeſt from the whole tenor of his conduct, and from innumerable paſſages in his own writings, and in thoſe of his confederates, which on that account I do not chuſe to repeat.

He was, however, diſappointed in this diabolical project, owing chiefly to the peculiar temper of the Engliſh people, and to the uncommon diſcretion of the Scotch at that time. The Engliſh populace are, it muſt be confeſſed, extremely foul-mouthed and licentious with their tongues, and are alſo the moſt credulous

and eaſy to be impoſed on of any mob in the world; of which their fondneſs for this impoſtor, and their eager belief in him, and all his improbable fictions, afford a moſt flagrant inſtance. But, at the ſame time, they poſſeſs a good nature and generoſity which is not to be found in any other people. Engliſhmen, however enraged or provoked, will never draw a knife or any mortal weapon, againſt perſons whom they ſee unarmed; a practice for which all the nations on the continent are remarkable: they are even ſeldom obſerved to ſtrike the firſt blow, unleſs challenged to it by an adverſary whom they ſee in a poſture of defence. But they are invariable in their maxims and practice of impartiality or what they call *fair play*. They will not ſuffer a ſtranger, an enemy, even a negro hardly reckoned a human creature in other countries, to be oppreſſed by unequal force or ſuperior numbers; and in accidental re-encounters in the ſtreet, if their affections ſeem to be warped either way, it is rather in favour of the ſtranger. To this peculiar diſpoſition of our amiable though rough-hewn people, it was undoubtedly owing, that the late peſti-

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lent inflammatory libels produced no memorable miſchief. The Engliſh beheld the Scotch, whom they were taugh, by moſt infamous and glaring falſehood's to look upon as traitors and enemies, as the baſe betrayers and deſtroyers of their glory, their laws, and their liberties; ſo inconſiderable in numbers when compared to themſelves, at leaſt, in this great city, that they found it altogether inconſiſtent with their notions of *fair play* to attack them with any other weapons but abuſive and opprobrious language, of which they were indeed as liberal as their Patriot himſelf; and the Scotch having borne it with a patience and diſcretion hardly to be expected from their national character, all happened to blow off without any conſequence. But had the numbers of both nations been ſo nearly on a level, that the Engliſh had been no longer reſtrained by their generous notions, nor the Scotch by a neceſſary and obvious prudence, it is paſt all manner of doubt, that the infernal ſoul of this deceiver would have *then* been gratified with ſcenes of riot, and blood, and murder, in the ſame manner as Lucifer is now, with the miſeries of mankind, proceeding from

the *Fall* to which he himſelf ſeduced them.*

* Although no notice of any ſort was taken of Mr. Wilkes, during the whole courſe of his proceedings by any Scotchman whatever, excepting one *Dun* a half pay officer, who had long laboured under the moſt dreadful of all diſtempers, the loſs of reaſon, and is now confined in a private madhouſe; yet this impoſtor agreeable to his character, has endeavoured to make the ſingle act of a ſolitary madman, the act of a whole nation, or at leaſt of ſome principal perſons in it. To a pompous relation of that fooliſh affair, where he has made as empty and vain a diſplay of his courage and conduct, as he had before done in the account of his mock duel on Bagſhot Heath; he ſubjoins the following obſervation, the meaning of which can be miſtaken by none. "We ſhall take the liberty of "adding to Mr. Dun's caſe, that it is the obſer- "vation of Machiavel, that in all caſes not only of "aſſaſſination, but of deep danger, no man ſhould "be *employed*, who is always and entirely in his "ſenſes." The ſame ſagacious remark is repeated in the Hiſtory of the Minority, p. 200.

Since the return of this man to be again the public diſturber of his country's quiet, an attempt has been made by him and his worthy committee at the *King's Arms* of the ſame nature, I mean to impute aſſaſſinating principles to the natives of Scotland. See an advertiſement repeated in all the papers, offering a reward of fifty pounds for apprehending a Scotſman diſcovered to be ſo by his accent, or rather uſing the word *ſcoundrel*, who made an aſſault with a drawn ſword on one Mr. Wilkinſon. Now if this ſtory be literally true, it is certain that this Scotſman muſt have been as mad as his countryman Dun. But it is moſt probably a fiction, contrived for the laudable pur-

I ſhall only add, for the honour of the Engliſh people, that if a game of the ſame ſort had been played with the like ſucceſs in Dublin or Edinburgh, I ſhould not have been anſwerable that the conſequences would have proved ſo

purpoſe abovementioned. At leaſt, a gentleman who knew the party aſſaulted, made it appear that the only material circumſtances were entirely falſe, and that the worthy committee when they drew up the advertiſement, were all in their cups under the influence of a ſweet intoxication by drinking Wilkes and Liberty.

I ſhall add one remark myſelf. Mr. Wilkes's caſe is thought by ſome to be a *caſe of pretty deep danger*, and if Machiavel's obſervation be juſt, he is probably employed for the ſame reaſon he ſuppoſed Mr. Dun to have been, *for not being always and entirely in his ſenſes*. There are ſome inſtances in the conduct of our great Patriot which ſeem to favour this ſuppoſition. I ſcarce think any man *entirely in his ſenſes*, would write, far leſs publiſh, a letter to his daughter, then a mere child, deſiring her to uſe her intereſt to get him choſen member of the parliament at Paris Yet Mr. Wilkes did this, though he, who has lived ſo long in France, and has likewiſe promiſed us in his letter to Mr. Coates, a *critique on all the various governments in Europe*, muſt ſurely know if he had uſed the ſame freedoms with the French king he has with his own, his being member of the Paris parliament, would not have ſecured him from perpetual confinement in the Baſtile, a cruel though not expenſive priſon, where, as he would have had no occaſion for charitable donations, he would not have had the liberty of *begging* them in the publick papers.

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innocent. The Iriſh populace equally credulous, are beſides ſavage and brutal; the Scotch, perhaps, neither ſo credulous nor inflammable, are, when thoroughly raiſed, more reſolute and determined in their fury, and act ſometimes as in the caſe of Porteous, with a calmneſs and deliberation reſembling more nearly a regular conſpiracy, than the tumultuous proceedings of a rabble, and are on that account more dangerous to the object of their reſentment and even to government itſelf.

Let us, however, rejoice we have hitherto eſcaped ſo dreadful a calamity, ſuch an everlaſting ſtain as it would have proved to our name and nation. But do not let us flatter ourſelves, that our veſſel is as yet altogether ſafe in port. Though we may look back with pleaſure on the ſtorm which has happily blown over our heads, yet we find the ocean without, ſtill in tumult and agitation, and ſome ſudden guſt may ſtill ariſe and drive us again to ſea. National prejudices though ſtill ſubſiſting were ſenſibly abated, order was beginning to revive, and tranquility to return, and there was no ſtrong or laſting reaſon of diſcontent, but what could not

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be avoided, a diſpenſation of all-wiſe Providence manifeſted in the ſcarcity and dearneſs of proviſions, when this factious tribune of the populace, this firebrand of ſedition again made his appearance among us. And though it muſt be confeſſed he has done nothing directly to inſult the majeſty of the throne, or to revive and ſtrengthen national prejudices, yet he has done both, indirectly and very effectually*; and though nothing could be ſo prejudicial to his intereſt in his preſent ſituation, as the riots and tumults at his elections, and which for that reaſon, I believe, if he could, he would have prevented; for, like other bungling ſorcerers, he has raiſed a devil he is not able to lay: yet, as if the very breath

* The letter he is ſaid to have wrote to the K—, publiſhed in all the news-papers, and never denied by him, though couched in ſeemingly reſpectful terms, can be conſidered in no other light than as the groſſeſt affront that could be offered to a man of ſpirit and honour, or even common ſenſe. He muſt either entertain the moſt contemptible opinion of the great perſon's underſtanding whom he addreſſed, or he muſt be utterly void of underſtanding himſelf, if he imagined that letter could have any other effect than to irritate inſtead of conciliating. His ſpeech at the King's Bench, advertiſements, &c. are all of the ſame ſtamp and a worſe tendency.

of this man were infectious, and his preſence fatal and deſtructive to the peace and repoſe of his countrymen, and the order or rather exiſtence of ſociety, ſince that time, juſt now while I am writing, a general diſſolution of government ſeems to have happened, a defiance of all the authority of the civil magiſtrate has been openly avowed, the moſt flagrant inſults on his perſon have been repeated and gloried in, and ſuch general combinations among the loweſt and moſt deſperate ranks of the populace, all armed with his *inſignia*, Wilkes and Liberty, and Number Forty-Five, have been entered into, which, if not ſpeedily remedied, and not to talk of order and ſociety, of foreign, or what is more neceſſary, domeſtick commerce, muſt at laſt render life itſelf inſupportable. In ſhort, during the whole courſe of a long life, I do not recollect to have heard of a ſcene in any country like the preſent. Not even Sacheverel's mobs, ſo memorable in hiſtory, and the oldeſt tranſactions of the kind I remember, appear to me to have been ſo terrible and alarming.

But it is impoſſible things can long ſubſiſt on the preſent footing. It muſt be put an end to, and that ſoon by the natural

natural courſe of events, and the very neceſſities of the rioters themſelves. In the ſame manner, it is to be hoped, the national prejudices ſo wantonly and wickedly fomented by this incendiary, will at laſt be forgotten, and that the ſouthern and northern inhabitants of the iſland will be melted down and blended together, as the Welſh and Engliſh are at preſent, when the memory of this man ſhall be as rotten as his carcaſe, though the latter, being the carcaſe of *an idle man of pleaſure*, is in all probability rotten already.

Having conſidered him ſo largely in his character of a Patriot, little more need be ſaid of him in any other capacity. His private life is, it ſeems, given up by his friends, and his enemies appear to rejoice over it; but I ſee no great reaſon for this conduct in either. On the contrary, in my opinion, his private character oppoſed to his publick, is white, innocent, and even praiſe-worthy. Mr. Wilkes, whatever his chaplain, according to him the *nobleſt of poets* might have been, is no ſot, no habitual drunkard. If he loves his friend and a ſocial bottle, that appears to me rather a virtue. He is likewiſe ſaid to be addicted to plea-

ſure, it is alledged that his *patriotick virtue* is very apt to *thaw, melt, and reſolve itſelf to ſprightly dew**, in other words, that he is very fond of the ſex. But I hope we are all ſo, more or leſs, for I know no greater infamy, than what the French very delicately call *non-conformity in love*. The paſſion which nature, for wiſe and needful purpoſes, has inſpired us all with, ſhall never be deemed criminal by me. Like Dryden, without a jeſt, *the nobleſt of poets*,

Old as I am, for ladies love unfit
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet.

'Tis true, it may be thought it were better a little decency ſhould go along

* Theſe are his own words in a letter to his phyſician Dr. Brockleſby. It ſeems his virtue could not at that time be either *melted*, *thawed* or *diſſolved into ſprightly dew*, on account of a wound in his groin, but he *truſted* that it would be ſo *long before the firſt breath of Zephyr*. I hope it did *thaw*, &c. and that it ſtill continues to do ſo. May all his *rencounters* of this ſort be as harmleſs as that with Lord T——t; may he never receive in any of them, a wound like that he got in the rencounter with Mr. M——n. Surely, I am not his enemy in theſe good wiſhes, and I am now doing what none of his friends have hitherto attempted; I am defending and apologizing for his private character.

with

with the indulgence of this paſſion. But at any rate, the worſt I ſhall ſay of Mr. Wilkes is, what Cæſar ſaid of the man caught in bed with his friend's wife, that he is *a careleſs fellow*.

I confeſs indeed, that far heavier things are alledged againſt him, namely, that he is as *careleſs* of other peoples property, no matter how *it* or the *evidences of it* come into his hands, as he was of his own property or reputation, when he had any of either. But granting all that, is it to be compared to his atrocious inſults on the throne, and the honour of the Royal Family, to his diabolical attempts to arm one part of his majeſty's ſubjects againſt the other, to raiſe a civil war, or to ſtir up a general maſſacre? Beſides, has he not endeavoured to make amends for all this *careleſſneſs*, or whatever you may call it? Has he not, in imitation of the Apoſtle Paul, become a very *beggar?* Have not he and his friends been *begging* for two months paſt in the moſt publick manner for the ſake of his creditors; for thoſe who have ſuffered by his *careleſſneſs?* Does not the late candidate for the greateſt city in the world, now repreſentative for the firſt county in Great Britain,

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return moſt humble thanks in the news-papers, for any pitiful donation that is ſent him *, as well as poor *Calamity* the Poet, with his wife and three children, up three pair of ſtairs backwards in Field Lane? What man can do more? Or rather, where is the man except himſelf, that would ſtoop ſo low, to do ſo much? Let him make as ſerious an atonement, if that be poſſible, for all his offences againſt his King, for all the wounds and ſtabs, which like a dark aſſaſſin he has given his native country in her tendereſt part, and I will be bound that all men ſhall forgive him, for my part, I will, and wiſh him the *beggar's bleſſing* to boot.

† See his thanks in the papers to that generous hand who ſent him 100 l. which may be compared with *Joſeph Lewis* the Poet *Calamity*'s thanks in the Petronian ſtile, or verſe and proſe intermixt, which were advertiſed much about the ſame time. I wonder the Patriot was not at as much pains to expreſs his gratitude as the Poet. Perhaps this deficiency was owing to the much lamented death of his friend and chaplain *Churchill* the nobleſt of poets. Though one ſhould think he might have ſafely adapted to that purpoſe, ſome lines out of the *Eſſay on Woman*, or *Veni Creator paraphraſed*, otherwiſe *The Maid's Prayer*, which he might have re-paraphraſed, calling it with much propriety *The Patriot's Prayer*.

If we conſider him as a writer, his merit in that view is at beſt equivocal, barely above mediocrity. Being abroad at the time his factious libels came out, from the noiſe they made, I readily imagined they were maſterpieces of wit and reaſoning. When I ſaw them collected together, I found that his admirers had miſtaken confident aſſertion, ſcurrility, and calling names, for argument; and that all his wit conſiſted in a ſilly playing on a word or two *Scot* and *Stuart*; take that away and they would be left a mere *caput mortuum*. The only North Briton, the ſeventh, which has the leaſt pretenſion to humour, is, by his own confeſſion, a tame imitation of one of the Auditor's, his adverſary, whom he himſelf held in the greateſt contempt, how juſtly I do not ſay. But the ſtrongeſt proof that his talents that way muſt be very inſignificant, is what follows; after writing that famous and myſtical number Forty-Five, he reſigned his office, which was immediately taken up by an underling player, afterwards advanc'd to be gentleman-uſher to a celebrated aſſembly at the weſt end of the town. This gentleman-uſher continued to work for near two years,

and the publick were never ſenſible of any difference in the hands. Indeed, how could they? For it ſhould ſeem, that this political *Elijah*, when carried away in a *whirlwind*, that is, the *general warrant*, left with his ſucceſſor this *Eliſha* our gentleman-uſher, beſides his *mantle*, that is, the title of *North Briton*, *a double portion of his ſpirit*, I mean of ſcurrility and abuſe, of ſcandal and lying, and unmerciful raillery on the *Scot* and the *Stuart*.

The only difference I can even now perceive in the ſtile and manner of thoſe two champions is, that the firſt has all the pertneſs and frolick of that animal, which neareſt reſembles the human ſhape, that is always grinning, though it never laughs: and the other all the ſolemnity and gravity of the long eared animal, that neither grins nor laughs. But the circumſtance which convinced me more than all the reſt, that hands had been changed on us oftener than once, was this: I found in ſome papers a mighty reſpect and tenderneſs ſhewn to the natives of Ireland. It was difficult to account for this, for I knew that both the Patriot and the Player, conſiſtently with their principles, muſt deſpiſe and

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hate Scotch and Iriſh alike. But the myſtery was unravelled, when I learnt that the latter, being, perhaps, taken up by his more harmleſs occupations at the Playhouſe or Aſſembly Room, had employed a journeyman to work under him, a native of Ireland. Now, though there might be no *Falſe Delicacy*, yet there was much falſe policy in this conduct of the political *Babbler*. He ſhould have conſidered what muſt be the fate of his *own dear countrymen*, ſhould they ever be ſo unfortunate as to furniſh *a prime miniſter or a favourite*. They would find that the Wilkes of the time would employ againſt them the ſame common-place topicks of ridicule and abuſe, only ſubſtituting potatoes in the room of oatmeal, and perhaps many more than were of late ſo wittily employed againſt their fellow-ſubjects the Scots. The battle of the Boyne would be found as memorable and important as that of Culloden, and perhaps one Iriſh maſſacre worſe than two Scotch rebellions. Even the pitiful ſhare of wit that is the portion of our *Babbler*, could put a *Paddy with his coat buttoned behind*, in full as ridiculous a light, as a *Sawney with his bare*

*back-ſide**. God forbid I ſhould here be following an example I hold in ſuch abhorrence, and condemn ſo ſeverely in others; I hope the natives of Ireland will not think ſo. I only mean to ſhew by one inſtance, that there is no people, againſt whom hiſtory and party malevolence, will not ſupply common places of ridicule and abuſe. On the whole, I think, the Gentleman-uſher's journeyman had been better employed in working even journey-work at his own trade if he had any. The holy Apoſtle Paul, where he found he could not preach either with ſafety to himſelf or emolument to the church, uſed to work with his own hands at his old trade of *tent-making*; and I ſhould have thought, that to a gentleman of his well-known *delicate ſentiment*, working at any trade, even cobling old ſhoes, like Partridge the Almanack-maker, would have proved a much more agreeable employment than raking in all the filth and ordure of party. It is to be feared, he is as great

* See, if any where to be ſeen, except in the chandler's ſhop, number 31ſt, of a weekly paper entitled the *Babbler* in two volumes duodecimo.

an impoſtor in *delicacy*, as his friend in *Patriotiſm*. I am however glad to hear that he has lately fallen on a better trade, than either *babbling* or *political lying*, that he has *taken meaſure* of the *Muſes*, for a Comedy called *Falſe Delicacy*, which he has *cobbled up and tried on* in the Play-houſe with a ſucceſs in all reſpects amazing.

The bulk of mankind always judge by compariſon, and when they ſee one perſon ſuperior to his adverſaries in any one article of diſpute, they immediately conclude him to be every thing that is great and excellent, when, in other times and circumſtances, he would not have engaged the ſmalleſt attention. Such to ſpeak candidly was the fortune of our patriot. The popularity of his cauſe, as I obſerved before, gave him advantages not to be over balanced but by abilities infinitely ſuperior. The only ſucceſsful miniſterial writer, our numberleſs political diſputes furniſh us with, is the celebrated Swift. Had Mr. Wilkes, though aſſiſted by the *nobleſt of poets*, his chaplain, been encountered by ſuch a man, he would have been laughed, if not reaſoned, out of countenance, long before he reached the myſtical number

Forty-Five, to which ſilly paper he owes in reality all his fame and importance. It is that, together with the prejudices which he has moſt obviouſly inſtilled into the minds of the good-natured credulous Engliſh againſt their innocent long ſuffering fellow-ſubjects, and not his wit, language, or compoſition, which have preſerved the North Briton from that happy oblivion wherein the Briton and Auditor have been long ſleeping. All his partizans admire the North Briton, but few read it; none can with pleaſure, but thoſe illiberal minds, who take delight in ſcurrility, without wit or argument.

The antagoniſts of Mr. Wilkes, beſides acknowledged inferiority of genius to Swift, laboured under a greater diſadvantage ſtill; ſo far from living like him in the utmoſt degree of confidence and intimacy with their patron, it does not appear that they were ſupplied with proper materials, or the leaſt information about the meaſures they were engaged to defend. It was their misfortune, but the fault of their patron; and an unpardonable one, if he ſeriouſly meant to defend his adminiſtration among the people by means of the preſs;

if he did not, he ought not to have attempted it.

Political controverſy does not ſeem at all to have been the talent of the Briton: He failed chiefly for want of temper. While Swift would have been toying and playing with ſuch an adverſary, laughing at him, and treating him with all the cool contempt and diſdain his conduct and character deſerved, the honeſt Briton uſed to fly out into a furious paſſion, *and bring againſt him a railing accuſation*; a method which has often proved victorious in polemical divinity, but ſeldom in politics. The Auditor ſeems to have been a better match for him, and to have fought him for ſome time pretty ſucceſsfully at his own weapons, I mean *lying* and *ſcandal*, till, at laſt, he fell into that moſt unfortunate bog, out of which he was to dig the Florida *peat*; a blunder in a man of his knowledge and experience, almoſt as wonderful as Mr. Wilkes's reputation for Patriotiſm. But let Mr. Murphy be comforted with this reflection, that he has innumerable companions, who have fallen a victim like him to the deceits of this ſucceſsful Impoſtor; if he perſuaded him into a momentary belief that Jamaica,

Jamaica, was a cold bleak country, in great want of fuel for their winter firing, he has perſuaded almoſt the whole nation, into a groſſer and more palpable abſurdity ſtill, into a laſting and very furious belief, that he himſelf is a great Patriot, and a ſincere lover of his country. For my part, I would ſooner ſearch for peat in Florida, and after finding it, expect a good market for it in Jamaica, than look for any virtue, leaſt of all real Patriotiſm, in the breaſt of this man.

In ſhort, he appears ſo well calculated by nature to be a deceiver, that I know not but he may have deceived myſelf. He may be the harmleſſeſt, honeſteſt, undeſigning, ſimple, well-meaning poor creature in the univerſe; at leaſt, the truth of this aſſertion does not imply any flat contradiction in terms, and the falſehood of it, is not quite ſo ſelf-evident, as that the whole is greater than the part. Should it, however, be ſo, I muſt ſtill ſay with *Martial* as tranſlated in the *Spectator*,

> With all thoſe tokens of a knave compleat,
> If he is honeſt, he's a deviliſh cheat.

I have

I have now conſidered our Adventurer in every light he has figured in, except that of *duelliſt*, and it may be the *idle man of pleaſure*. In his character of a private man, which has hitherto been given up by his beſt friends, or only apologized for by a pitiful, ſilly re-crimination againſt others, who if they are as profligate, are at leaſt not ſo turbulent, I have ſeriouſly endeavoured to defend him. If I have failed, my failure muſt be imputed not to the weakneſs or treachery of the advocate, but to the badneſs of the cauſe. Conſidering him as an Author or Writer, I am ſure I have ſpoken the ſentiments of every man of taſte and letters in the kingdom. But the thing proves itſelf. Were his North Britons real maſterpieces of wit, eloquence and compoſition, did they contain any valuable truths or new obſervations on government or the Engliſh conſtitution they would be in every body's hands. Without the famous number Forty-Five, they would make two decent pocket volumes, and their publication would be entirely ſafe, though not profitable. For it is merely on account of the treaſon, ſuppoſed to be contained in that ſilly number, that they

they are at all enquired for; and they are accordingly ſold in ſecret at an extravagant price for their treaſon, like ſome other books equally dull and ſtupid for their obſcenity. As an *actor* under the maſk of Patriotiſm, I have treated him with freedom and juſtice, I hope with decency, I am ſure, with more than he has ſhewn to the moſt reſpectable characters in the nation. The blackneſs of his crimes, the ſtill greater blackneſs of his intentions, may, perhaps, have made me fall into a warmth of expreſſion little ſuited to the natural phlegm and coolneſs of old age, but certainly juſtifiable from the infinite weight and importance of the ſubject.

Should it be aſked what this Impoſtor has done, that not only atones for all the complicated miſchiefs he has effected, and what, ſtill worſe, he farther intended, but has alſo made him ſo mighty a favourite with the people of England? I readily anſwer, that he has been the inſtrument, or rather occaſion of a valuable *extenſion* or rather *declaration* of our inherent rights and privileges, I mean of thoſe famous deciſions on the illegality of general warrants, and the ſeizure of papers, which I hope will prevent

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all ſuch practices in the like circumſtances for the future. It brings our conſtitution one ſtep nearer to the utmoſt degree of perfection any human government can attain; a ſtrict government by laws, and a ſtrict and literal interpretation of thoſe laws founded on the baſis of freedom. This may in ſome particular caſes be attended with inconveniencies, but on the whole, the eſtabliſhment of the general principle is of infinite advantage.

But what merit had our adventurer in this tranſaction? Juſt ſuch a merit as *Swift* in the Examiner alledges *Verres* and *Will Bigamy* poſſeſſed with reſpect to the church and clergy. It ſeems *Will Bigamy*, alias Earl Cowper, had doubled the fees of the latter by marrying two wives inſtead of one; and *Verres*, alias the Earl of Wharton, had paid a large fine to the former as a penalty for having diſburthened nature on the altar. A whirlwind or hurricane in its deſtructive courſe, levelling cities and villages, may diſſipate fogs and miſty vapours, which obſcured the atmoſphere; an infamous aſſaſſin, when aiming a deſperate ſtab at me, inſtead of piercing my heart, may chance to let out a troubleſome impoſt-

hume, which I either neglected, or the ſurgeon did not chuſe to approach with his lancet; but for thoſe accidental and unintended benefits ſhould I either worſhip the hurricane, or embrace the aſſaſſin? The caſes are preciſely ſimilar, and the application extremely obvious.

I have granted Mr. Wilkes to have been the inſtrument of this acquiſition to liberty. But that he was only a blind accidental and involuntary inſtrument is evident. Will he ſay, that previouſly knowing the illegality of general warrants, and a ſeizure of papers (the contrary of which I think may be proved from his North Britons) he purpoſely provoked the Secretaries of State to iſſue out ſuch warrants and ſeize his papers, in order that the illegality of the practice might be declared and ſettled by a formal deciſion? Were this true, he might be allowed to claim the ſame merit with Polidore in the Orphan, who having firſt injured his brother in the tendereſt part, afterwards provoked him by *Wilkeſian* ſcurrility and abuſe to draw his ſword and run him through the body. But he has not yet advanced ſuch an improbable fiction, and it is now too late to do it. Though if he

did

did I ſhould not queſtion its implicit belief among his deluded followers.

From all circumſtances * it appears moſt probable that he did not ſuſpect general warrants, or a ſeizure of papers to be illegal, till after he heard that one was iſſued out againſt himſelf, or the very morning he was apprehended by it. In this interval, he probably learnt it from ſome pettifogging attorney, for it never was a ſecret among the gentlemen of the law; his behaviour and the the ſpirit he ſhewed afterwards were the effects of neceſſity and deſpair. In a word, the advantage and ſecurity accruing to the ſubject from the determination of this important point, are

* This will appear evident to any one from a careful peruſal of the North Britons, written previous to that famous warrant. If he was as great a lawyer and patriot as he pretends, why did not he adviſe his friend the Monitor, who had been often in his circumſtances, to make the ſame ſtand which deſpair at laſt reduced himſelf to do. To eſtabliſh a point of liberty, a real Patriot regards not the inſtrument. 'Tis true, the Monitor entered actions and recovered damages at laſt; but then it was after he was encouraged by the examples made in the affair. I believe that Secretaries of State's warrants have ſcarce ever been legal in all points. Such men ſeldom knew, and perhaps till very lately as ſeldom regarded the forms of law.

entirely owing to the ſteadineſs and uprightneſs of the Chief Juſtice and other Judges of the Common Pleas; to the honeſty and independance of the juries who found the verdicts; but above all to the generoſity and public ſpirit of that diſtinguiſhed nobleman, Earl Temple, whoſe virtue, notwithſtanding it has the misfortune to be highly celebrated by our adventurer, a circumſtance very ſuſpicious, I cannot help believing to be hitherto pure and untainted; farther I will anſwer for no man.

Hence it is manifeſt, that the whole merit of the Impoſtor in this tranſaction, conſiſted in lending his *name*, which coſt him nothing, and in which the Printer, his journeymen, and even his devil ſhared equally with him. He is not however to be blamed for that, becauſe at the time he could do no more, being now obliged to go a *begging*, a practice he continues at preſent, and make uſe of this affair as a pretence to pick his admirers' pockets of a guinea each, as appears by the propoſals then publiſhed. But he was greatly blamed among his friends, that by an obſtinate and blind perſeverance in his factious courſes, he for-

forfeited the only little merit properly his own, from the loan of his name. His outlawry prevented the action againſt Lord Halifax the Secretary of State being tried, which, to uſe their own words, "Was the moſt intereſting to the public "as the warrant itſelf muſt have come "in iſſue." So that in the opinion even of his own party, his merits in this affair whence he derives all his glory, were plainly no more conſpicuous than thoſe of the Printer's Devil, whereas his demerits were groſs and palpable. In ſhort, he ſpoiled the whole buſineſs as far as in him lay, certainly the moſt important branch of it. Truth is, like *Hudibras*, another impoſtor,

He'd rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than loſe his dear delight to wrangle.

But this deceiver has been in none of all his numberleſs impoſtures more daring and more ſucceſsful, than in having arrogated the whole honour and merit of this tranſaction to himſelf. I know not which to wonder at moſt; the impudence and ingratitude of the deceiver who robs his friends of the applauſe ſo juſtly their due; or the unaccountable blind-

blindneſs and folly of the people who are deceived. I ſhall illuſtrate this matter by a familiar example; ſuppoſe a man has a tumour on a ſenſible part of his body, of ſo dangerous a nature as to require immediate extirpation, a ſincere and diſintereſted friend pitying his caſe, employs at a great riſque and expence a ſkilful ſurgeon, who having no other inſtrument in readineſs, and the affair admitting no delay, performs the operation ſucceſsfully with a butcher's knife. But, what ſhould we think of the ſtupidity of this man, if upon his recovery, he totally neglected his friend and ſurgeon, and paid all his thanks and gratitude to the mere inſtrument the knife?

The application of this apologue, if it deſerves the name, is very obvious. The man with the tumour is the Britiſh nation, for I conceive Engliſh and Scotch have been equally benefited; the tumour itſelf is thoſe remains of arbitrary power and the Star-Chamber, General Warrants, and the Seizure of Papers; the generous friend Earl Temple; the skilful ſurgeon the late Chief Juſtice, now Lord Chancellor: while our great Patriot, Mr. Wilkes, to whom, with his good leave, we muſt alſo add, Mr. Leach the printer, his

his journeymen and errand boy, muſt be contented to repreſent the butcher's knife. We ſhall very readily allow Mr. Wilkes all the merit that can be claimed by the butcher's knife, an inſtrument, much oftener and more ſucceſsfully uſed in cutting throats than in performing cures; but do not let us forget our friend and our ſurgeon, Earl Temple and the Chancellor. I would not willingly offend the majeſty of the Engliſh mob, I really think them the beſt ſort of mob in the world; but I cannot help it, were they to break my windows, or to drag me through the next horſe-pond, I muſt declare that in this buſineſs, in the blind and furious affection they bear for their *brazen idol*, they act comparatively ſpeaking, no wiſer a part than the ſtupid and ignorant Egyptians of old, who tranſferred all their worſhip and adoration from the Supreme Being to the very meaneſt and vileſt of his creatures, to cats and dogs, to leeks and onions.

I have hitherto purpoſely avoided ſaying much of thoſe things, which were the immediate occaſion of his preſent outlawry. Of his Eſſay on Woman I ſhall ſay nothing, becauſe ſo far from entertaining any blind prejudices againſt him,

him, perhaps, I harbour the ſame opinion of that whole affair, that he ſeems to do himſelf; and I ſhall ſay but little of the everlaſting myſtery his number Forty-Five. That has been found a libel by the jury, and voted ſo by the Houſe of Commons. The houſe declared, " That it had a manifeſt ten-
" dency to alienate the affections of the
" people from his Majeſty, to withdraw
" them from their obedience to the
" laws of the realm, and to excite them
" to traiterous inſurrections." That it has actually done ſo is manifeſt from the preſent diſpoſition of the people; even the unmeaning cyphers affixed to this paper, have become the well-known badge of diſaffection, as well as the ſubject of a great deal of ſilly wit and alluſions, which make us appear in a ridiculous, if no worſe light to our neighbours. When his Majeſty acts, or even thinks in his royal capacity, he is ſuppoſed to be directed by the advice of his council; but we may ſuppoſe that he only conſults his own breaſt when he thinks or feels as a gentleman. Conſidering him in that light only, it is hardly poſſible to conceive a greater inſult and indignity, than what is offered

to him in that paper. Even thoſe very expreſſions with which the impoſtor pretends to juſtify and qualify the exceptionable paſſages, are in truth an additional aggravation of the inſult. Were he a gentleman himſelf, he would be convinced of it. The one affronts the honour only, the other inſults the underſtanding alſo. That Kings are diſpoſed to feel and think, nay, even ſometimes to act as men of honour, I ſhall prove by an example which, from his avowed principles, if he has any, muſt be of the greateſt authority with our Patriot. There was one Jack How in the reign of King William, much ſuch another as one Jack Wilkes in our days. In a parliamentary debate on the partition treaty, Jack How called it a *felonious treaty*. This raſh and perhaps only haſty expreſſion, being reported to our glorious and immortal deliverer, as Jack Wilkes and all of us juſtly call him, he was ſo highly enraged, that he publicly regretted he was not on a level with this Jack How, declaring in that caſe he would call him out, and demand perſonal ſatisfaction. It muſt be remembered, that this was

only ſpoken in parliament, where I humbly preſume greater liberties may be decently and even legally taken than in public papers hawked and diſperſed all over the kingdom. What would our great deliverer have ſaid and done, if Jack How's *felonious treaty* had become as famous as Jack Wilkes's number *Forty-Five?* In ſhort, that inſult, together with another more atrocious, ſtill are of ſuch a nature, that I think they are the very laſt a private gentleman would be induced to forgive or forget. Our Kings, for very wiſe even invincible reaſons, are prevented from ever acting as men of honour would in certain caſes; but for God's ſake let us allow them to think and feel like gentlemen. To do otherwiſe, would be a cruelty of the ſame nature with that of the Spaniſh inquiſition, the only tribunal, except it be Mr. Wilkes's, which pretends to any juriſdiction over our ſecret thoughts.

I am afraid, if our impoſtor is really ſincere in his deſire of forgiveneſs from his Sovereign, that he cannot any way go about it, without making bad worſe. He is reduced to what the logicians call

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a *bocardo*. If he confeſſes that he really meant what every body underſtands by thoſe paſſages and papers that have given offence, he knows it will be in vain to aſk pardon, for he knows that ſuch offences are never forgiven; if he denies all, as he has hitherto done, and alledges, that the diſpleaſure his Majeſty may have conceived againſt him, ariſes from the baſe and falſe inſinuationsof histreacherous and incapable miniſters, that again is an inſult on his underſtanding, more provoking perhaps than the original affront. He may have duped the ſimple Auditor, and a great majority of the good people of England, but he cannot in reaſon, expect to have the ſame good fortune with the King and all his council.

In ſhort, the beſt advice a friend could give him, would be to ſit down quietly to ſay nothing, and ſubmit patiently to his fate, whatever that may be. He knows that when he had once got out of the ſcrape, even with victory and triumph, his own willful folly and imprudence brought him into it again deeper than at firſt. What buſineſs had

he, a Patriot and a member of parliament, to turn Printer; to reprint that fatal number *Forty-Five*, and to print that blaſphemous Eſſay on Woman, the very articles for which he is now ſuffering? Beſides, he could have circulated *begging propoſals* without printing them himſelf. Had he ſubmitted to his ſentence from the firſt, all would have been now over, and himſelf perhaps as quiet a ſubject as the beſt of us. All of us, Engliſh as well as Scots, might then have been ſhaking one another by the hand, drinking ſucceſs to old England or Britannia, confuſion to our enemies, and wiſhing for another French or Spaniſh war. I hope we ſhall all be doing ſo, a few years hence, for of two evils, it is better to quarrel with our neighbours than among ourſelves.

Though I have recommended a perfect reſignation to the culprit, yet I know not, conſidering this buſineſs merely in a political view, whether it would be better to inflict any further puniſhment upon him, than what he has already ſuffered. I am not his enemy, unleſs praying for his repentance, and

that

that God may turn his heart and ſhew him the folly and error of his ways, can make me one. We never hate thoſe we thoroughly deſpiſe. Though this man, owing to a ſtrange concurrence of circumſtances, ſome of them very laughable, has made a great noiſe, done a good deal of miſchief, might have done much more, and has made his country very ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners; yet his parts and practices are ſuch, that they cannot ſeriouſly be the objects of any paſſion, but contempt and deriſion. Like ſome religious fanatics, he owes all his conſideration to the improper methods that perhaps have been taken with him. As maſtiffs who are tied up ſoon loſe all their fierceneſs when ſuffered to go at large, ſo would this man all his importance were he treated in the ſame manner. The people would ſoon forget him, and find ſome other gewgaw to play with or rattle to amuſe them. They muſt have ſomething, and a Cock-lane Ghoſt, an Elizabeth Canning, or a John Wilkes are all one to them. Though I muſt confeſs, that of the

three, the two former are the moſt innocent impoſtors. Could he be very fairly and legally deprived of his ſeat, I would not adviſe that meaſure, becauſe he would be found of much leſs weight when in the Houſe of Commons than where he is now, in the King's Bench. If he is an indifferent writer, he is a much more contemptible ſpeaker. *Eloquentiæ ſatis, ſapientiæ parum*, is ſaid by Salluſt of Catiline; reverſe it, and with ſome other articles in the character of that infamous conſpirator and aſſaſſin, as drawn by that great hiſtorian, *ſapientiæ parum, eloquentiæ minus*, may be applied to *John Wilkes*.

When I adviſe this lenient meaſure, I do not pretend to be his friend, for I really believe it would turn out to be his greateſt puniſhment, if contempt and oblivion would be thought ſo by ſuch a man. Yet to bring this about, I think the royal interpoſition would be extremely improper for many reaſons, and for none more ſo than the following. It might be aſcribed by his partizans to every motive, but to the real one; to his Majeſty's paternal indulgence

gence for the folly of his people, and to his ineffable contempt of its ridiculous object. Some quirk or chicanery in the law, a writ of error or arreſt of judgment, alledged on his part and ſuffered to paſs on that of the crown, would do the buſineſs as effectually. Perhaps I may be wading out of my depth, but I know this opinion might be ſupported by very plauſible arguments, whereof I ſay no more at preſent. Indeed, I can only ſee one ſolid objection againſt it; which is, that the impunity of this flagrant impoſtor, when he hath ſo fairly at laſt fallen under the cognizance of the laws, might encourage future impoſtors equally deſperate and audacious to attempt playing the ſame game over again, with greater power and abilities to work miſchief.

I ſhall now take my leave of this adventurer. That I have not paid my compliments to him in this way ſooner, has been owing to an accident, to my having been abſent from the kingdom when he was making ſo conſpicuous a figure in it. My principal intention has been to heal and recon-

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cile thoſe animoſities, which this impoſtor has ſo wickedly and wantonly raiſed between the two nations, or rather in the ſtronger againſt the weaker. United, England and Scotland have been found a match for almoſt the whole world beſide; ſeparated, beſides the ineſtimable advantage of being an iſland, England would immediately loſe half her preſent ſtrength, not only the native ſtrength of Scotland, not very conſiderable for riches, but great by the number and bravery of her people; but alſo a far greater proportion of her own ſtrength, in order to keep Scotland then ſuppoſed an enemy in awe. Accurſed be he, ſay the Scriptures, who ſeparates man and wife. Much more accurſed be he, ought we all to ſay, who ſeparates England and Scotland, two nations much more cloſely united than it is poſſible for man and wife to be. But a ſeparation of that kind is now, thank God, impoſſible. The writings and the ſpeeches of this man had a much more fatal and even an infernal tendency. What that was I have already

ready mentioned expreſly, and I will not again repeat. Happily his endeavours had not their dreadful effect. It was owing to an extraordinary patience in the Scotch people, and to the peculiar generoſity and good-nature of the Engliſh; and here I do not ſpeak of the better or middling ranks amongſt them only, but alſo of the very loweſt of their vulgar. The Scotch may perhaps diſpute with the Engliſh, and they are the only people that can, the palm of bravery in the field of battle; but in thoſe more amiable virtues I think they as well as other nations muſt yield to them. How then muſt all Engliſhmen, who think coolly, execrate the very name of this Impoſtor, who has not only endeavoured to rob them of this divine and *their peculiar* commendation, but to fix in its room an eternal *ſtigma* on the whole people? No doubt he will deny all ſuch intentions. So has he denied all intentional abuſe on his Sovereign or any branch of the Royal Family. I confeſs, indeed, it belongeth to God alone, the ſearcher of hearts and the trier of reins, to fix them unalterably upon him. But

then I will ſay, that at the beſt, he is like the fool in the ſcriptures, who ſcattered about arrows and firebrands of deſtruction and ſaid, *am I not in ſport.*

In the courſe of this Eſſay, I have ſhewn what real Patriotiſm is, or ought to be, in ſuch times of national peace as we enjoy at preſent. It is obvious how different that is from what the whole conduct of this man has been. I have alſo enquired into the nature of that Patriotiſm he would be thought to poſſeſs. I have ſhewn its very being to be equivocal, and that it can exiſt no where, but in the breaſt of a retired philoſophical man. I could have ſhewn by numberleſs examples, drawn from the hiſtories of all free ſtates, thoſe of Greece and Rome as well as our own, that all ſuch extraordinary pretenſions have ever been tricks and impoſtures, ſet on foot by deſigning men for factious and ambitious ends; but I have confined myſelf to two moſt remarkable inſtances, within our own times and memory. I ſhall now conclude, and put the

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whole matter in diſpute on a very ſhort iſſue, by aſking one plain ſimple queſtion. If the people of England have been diſappointed in their expectations from two ſuch great and diſtinguiſhed men as Mr. Pulteney and Mr. P———t, what ought they to expect from a needy, profligate, as well as deſperate Adventurer?

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